Rascal Ranch

“These two again!” From
the one detective. Other
doesn’t look surprised.

“Primitive-ass setup,” he shrugs.
“Last time was all class.” In the car
the first turns small-talky, but

Herk and Evey aren’t biting.
Then he calls her Crystal and
him Meth. Cop wit.

Children mentioned. Gabby spills
“They’re with Grandparents.” So

clear to Herk who ratted them out,
her folks, the “Citizens.” She remains
clueless, sitting like a toy.

His people know better, having been
inside. A good bit back, of course.
Presently they ride horses

in parades. Beautifully embroidered
shirts announcing **Rascal Ranch.**